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T I M O N

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A T H E N S

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

ON

RICHMOND-GREEN.



ALTERED FROM

SHAKESPEAR and SHADWELL.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for M. HINGESTON, near Temple-bar.

MDCCLXVIII.

Dramatis Personæ.

TIMON,
LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS,
APEMANTUS,
ALCIBIADES,
FLAVIUS,
FLAMINIUS,
SERVILIUS,
POET,
PAINTER,
JEWELLER,
CAPHIS,

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA,
EVANDRA,

Mr. AICKIN.
Mr. KAESBERRY.
Mr. FAWCETT.
Mr. PHILLIPPS.
Mr. LOVE.
Mr. CAUTHERLEY.
Mr. BRANSBY.
Mr. BAKER.
Mr. SMITH.
Mr. DIBDIN.
Mr. BANISTER.
Mr. CLAGGETT.
Mr. WRIGHT.

Mrs. BAKER.
Mrs. LESSINGHAM.
Mrs. STEPHENS.

MASQUERS, Miss RADLEY, Mrs. LOVE, &c. &c.

SENATORS, SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, Athens, and the Woods not far from it.

T I M O N.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter POET and PAINTER.

POET.

GOOD day, Sir.

PAINTER.

I am glad y'are well.

POET.

I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

PAINTER.

It wears, Sir, as it goes,

POET.

Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity? what so strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend.

B

Enter

Enter JEWELLER and others.

PAINTER.

I know that man.—Good day t'ye, Sir!
You seek the noble Timon!

JEWELLER.

Oh, 'tis a worthy lord!

PAINTER.

Nay, that's most fix'd.

JEWELLER.

A most incomparable man! breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continue goodnes.
I have a jewel here——

PAINTER.

O, pray, let's see it!

POET. [*reading to himself.*]

"When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
"It stains the glory in that happy verse
"Which aptly sings the good."

PAINTER. [*looking on the jewel.*]

'Tis a good form.

JEWELLER.

And rich; here is a water, look ye.

PAINTER. [*to the poet.*]

You're rapt, Sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.——

POET.

A thing slipt idly from me;

Our

Our poesy is a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished. What have you there?

PAINTER.

A picture, Sir—When comes your book forth?

POET.

Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.
Let's see your piece.—This comes off well and excellent.

PAINTER.

Indifferent.

POET.

Admirable!

PAINTER.

It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a touch; is't good?

POET.

I'll say of it
It tutors nature; artificial strife
Lives in those touches, livelier than life.

PAINTER.

How this lord is followed!

POET.

The senators of Athens! happy men!

PAINTER.

Look, more!

POET.

You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd fortune to be thron'd. The base o'th' mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
 To propagate their states; amongst them all,
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixt,
 One do I personate of Timon's frame,
 Whom fortune with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants,
 Translates his rivals.

P A I N T E R.

'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
 This throne, this fortune, and this hill methinks,
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well exprest
 In our condition.

P O E T.

Nay, but hear me on;
 All those which were his fellows but of late,
 Some better than his value, on the moment
 Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with 'tendance;
 Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear;
 Make sacred even his still-rop, and thro' him
 Drink the free air.

P A I N T E R.

Ay marry, what of these?

P O E T.

When fortune in her shift and change of mood
 Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants
 Which labour'd after to the mountain's top
 Ev'n on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

P A I N T E R.

'Tis common.
 A thousand moral paintings I can show,

That

That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words; yet you do well
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.—See he approaches.

Enter TIMON and SERVILIUS.

T I M O N.

Imprison'd is he, say you?

S E R V I L I U S.

Ay, my good lord, five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most straight;
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing periods
His comfort——

T I M O N.

Noble Ventidius! well,
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him,
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free
him.

S E R V I L I U S.

Your Lordship ever binds him.

T I M O N.

Commend me to him, I will send his ransom;
And being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.

S E R V I L I U S.

I will report your honour's goodness.

[Exit Servilius.

POET.

P O E T.

Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

T I M O N.

I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon ;
Go not away ; what have you there, my friend ?

P A I N T E R.

A piece of painting which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

T I M O N.

Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside. Pencil'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out.—I like your work ;
And you shall find I like it : wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

P A I N T E R.

The gods preserve you.

T I M O N.

Well fare you gentlemen, give me your hand,
We needs must dine together—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise ?

J E W E L L E R.

What my lord, dispraise ?

T I M O N.

A mere satiety of commendations ;
If I shou'd pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

J E W E L L E R.

My Lord, 'tis rated
As those that sell, wou'd give ; but you well know
Things

Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are by their masters priz'd. Believ't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

T I M O N.

Well mock'd.

P O E T.

No, my good Lord, he speaks the common tongue
Which all men speak with him.

T I M O N.

Look who comes here.
Will you be chid?

P O E T.

We'll bear it with your lordship.

P A I N T E R.

He'll spare none.

Enter APEMANTUS.

T I M O N.

Good-morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

APEMANTUS.

Till I be gentle, stay for thy good-morrow.
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

T I M O N.

Why do'st thou call 'em knaves? thou know'st 'em
not.

APEMANTUS.

Are they not Athenians?

T I M O N.

Yes.

APEMAN-

APEMANTUS.

Then I repent not.

JEWELLER.

You know me, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS.

Thou know'st I do, I call thee by thy name.

T I M O N.

Thou art proud, Apemantus.

APEMANTUS.

Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

T I M O N.

Whither art going?

APEMANTUS.

To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

T I M O N.

That's a deed thou'lt die for.

APEMANTUS.

Right, if doing nothing, be death by the law.

T I M O N.

How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS.

The best for the innocence.

T I M O N.

Wrought he not well, that painted it?

APEMANTUS.

He wrought better that made the painter; and yet
He's but a filthy piece of work.

T I M O N.

T I M O N.

Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

A P E M A N T U S.

No, I eat not lords.

T I M O N.

If thou should'st—thou'dst anger ladies.—How
Do'st like this jewel, Apemantus?

A P E M A N T U S.

Not so well, as plain-dealing, which will not
Cost a man a doit.

T I M O N.

What do'st think 'tis worth?

A P E M A N T U S.

Not worth my thinking.—How now, Poet?

P O E T.

How now, Philosopher?

A P E M A N T U S.

Thou liest.

P O E T.

Art thou not one?

A P E M A N T U S.

Yes.

P O E T.

Then I lie not.

A P E M A N T U S.

Art not a poet?

P O E T.

Yes.

A P E M A N T U S.

Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where
Thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

C

P O E T.

P O E T.

That's not feign'd; he is so.

A P E M A N T U S.

Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour.—

He that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o'th' flatterer.
Heaven's, that I were a lord!

T I M O N.

What would'st do then, Apemantus?

A P E M A N T U S.

Ev'n as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with
My heart.

T I M O N.

What, thyself?

A P E M A N T U S.

Ay.

T I M O N.

Wherefore?

A P E M A N T U S.

That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord.

[Trumpet sounds.]

T I M O N.

What trumpet's that?

Enter FLAVIUS.

'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

T I M O N.

Pray entertain 'em, give 'em guide to us.

[Exit Flavius.]

You must needs dine with me; go not you hence,
'Till

'Till I have thank't you; and when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece.—I'm joyful of your fights—

Enter ALCIBIADES.

TIMON. [*bowing and embracing.*
Most welcome, Sir.

APEMANTUS.

So! so! aches contract, and starve your supple
Joints! that there shou'd be such small love
Amongst these sweet knaves, and all this courtesy!
The strain of man's bred out into baboon and
monkey.

ALCIBIADES.

You have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your fight.

TIMON.

Right welcome, Sir.
E'er we do part, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you let us in. [*Exeunt.*

Manet APEMANTUS.

Enter LUCIUS and LUCULLUS.

LUCIUS.

What time o'th' day is't, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS.

Time to be honest.

LUCIUS.

That time serves still.

APEMANTUS.

The more accursed thou that still omit'st it.

LUCULLUS.

Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

APEMANTUS.

Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

LUCULLUS.

Fare thee well! fare thee well!

APEMANTUS.

Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

LUCULLUS.

Why, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS.

Thou should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean
to give thee none.

LUCIUS.

Hang thyself!

APEMANTUS.

No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy
requests to thy friend.

LUCULLUS.

Away, unpeaceable dog! or I'll spurn thee hence.

APEMANTUS.

I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.— [*Exit.*]

LUCULLUS.

He's opposite to humanity.

Come, shall we in and taste lord Timon's bounty?

He sure outgoes the very heart of kindness.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene,

Scene, a magnificent Apartment in TIMON's House. Loud Musick.

TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCUL-
LUS, SEMPRONIUS, Athenian Senators, &c.
are discovered seating themselves at a great Ban-
quet: then comes, dropping after all, APE-
MANTUS, discontentedly.

T I M O N.

Nay ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes;
Recanting goodness, sorry e'er 'tis shown,
But where there is true friendship there needs none.
Pray sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me.

L U C I U S.

We have always confest it.

APEMANTUS.

Ho! ho! confest it? hang'd it, have you not?

T I M O N.

O, Apemantus! you are welcome.

APEMANTUS.

No, you shall not make me welcome. I come to
have thee thrust me out of doors.

T I M O N.

Fye, thou'rt a churl; ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, that anger's a short rage,
But yonder man is ever angry;
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company;
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

A P E.

A P E M A N T U S

Let me stay at thy peril, Timon.—I come to observe;
I give thee warning on't.

T I M O N.

I take no heed of thee—thou'rt an Athenian,
Therefore welcome—I myself wou'd have no power.
Prythee let my meat make thee silent.

A P E M A N T U S.

I scorn thy meat, 'twou'd choak me, for I shou'd
ne'er flatter thee—O, you gods! what a number of
men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me,
to see

So many dip their meat in one man's blood;
And all the madness is he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men!
Methinks, they shou'd invite 'em without knives,
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readier man to kill him. 'Thas been proved.
Were I a great man, I should fear to drink,
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous
notes;
Great men shou'd drink with harness on their throats.

T I M O N.

My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

L U C U L L U S.

Let it flow this way, my good lord.

A P E M A N T U S.

Flow this way! a brave fellow; he keeps his tides well.
Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill,
Timon.—Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire.

This

This and my food are equal—there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

G R A C E.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself;
Grant I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need'em.
Amen, amen, so fall to't;
Rich men sin, and I eat root. [*eats and drinks.*]
Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

T I M O N.

Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

A L C I B I A D E S.

My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

T I M O N.

You had rather been at a breakfast of enemies,
Than a dinner of friends.

A L C I B I A D E S.

So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat
like 'em.

I cou'd wish my friend at such a feast.

A P E M A N T U S.

Wou'd all these flatterers were thine enemies then;
That thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

L U C I U S.

Might we have but the happinefs, my lord, that
you wou'd but once use our hearts; whereby we
might

might exprefs some part of our zeals, we wou'd think ourfelves for ever perfect.

T I M O N.

Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themfelves have provided that I fhould have much help from you; how had you been my friends elfe, why have you that charitable title from thoufands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more to myfelf, than you can with modefty fpeak in your own behalf,—and thus far I confirm you. Oh, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we fhould never have need of 'em! they wou'd moft refemble fweet instruments hung up in cafes, that keep their found to themfelves. Why, I have oft wifht myfelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends. O, what a precious comfort it is to have fo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy! e'en made away ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water methinks. To forget their faults; I drink to you.

A P E M A N T U S.

Thou weep'ft to make them drink, Timon.

L U C U L L U S.

Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe fprung up.

A P E M A N T U S.

Ho! ho! I laugh to think that babe a baftard.

L U C I U S.

I promife you, my lord, it mov'd me much!

A P E M A N T U S.

Much!

Enter

Enter FLAVIUS.

FLAVIUS.

The masque, my lord, is ready.

TIMON.

Admit 'em, and let musick speak their welcome.

Enter MASQUERS.

APEMANTUS.

Heyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
I should fear those that sing before me now,
Should one day spit upon me; 't'has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

RECITATIVO ACCOMPANIED.

Hark how the songsters of the grove
Sing carols to the God of Love!
Hark how each am'rous winged pair,
With love's great praises fill the air!

CHORUS.

On ev'ry side the charming sound
Does from the hollow woods rebound.

AIR.

Their little souls sweet love inspires
With chearful notes and soft desires;
While heat makes bud and blossom spring;
These pretty couples love and sing.
In this soft circle all things move,
And man submits to mighty love.

D

RECIT-

RECITATIVO ACCOMPANIED.

Pursue such idle freaks no more,
 The pow'r of Bacchus we adore;
 Love makes you languish sigh and pine,
 But happiness attends on wine.

A I R.

Drink, and feel the sov'reign juice,
 Mirth and jocund life impart;
 Wine can truest bliss produce,
 Bacchus ever charms the heart.
 Drink, and in the balmy bowl,
 Drown the sorrows of the soul.

C H O R U S.

Thus care shall be banish'd, thus laughter shall reign,
 For Bacchus gives pleasure, while Cupid gives pain.

R E C I T A T I V O.

Let mighty pow'rs no more dispute their sway,
 But join and bid the willing world obey.
 When both their conqu'ring forces are combin'd,
 In adamant chains they hold mankind.

D U E T T O.

Let laughter and wine
 Let friendship and love,
 Hence ever combine,
 In harmony move!
 Our voices we'll raise,
 Let music too join,
 To echo the praise—
 Of love, and of wine.

C H O R U S.

Kind love shall with rapture our wine thus improve,
 And wine shall exalt and give vigour to love.

*[They all rise from the banquet, and Timon
 coming forward addresses the Masquers.]*

T I M O N

T I M O N.

You've done our pleasures grace, my gentle friends,
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You've added worth unto't and lively lustre,
 And entertain'd me with my own device.
 I am to thank you for it.—Pray retire;
 There is an idle banquet waits your pleasure.
 Flavius!

[*Exeunt Masquers.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

FLAVIUS.

My lord!

T I M O N.

The little casket bring me hither.

FLAVIUS.

Yes, my lord—more jewels yet; there is no cross-
 sing him in's humour,

Else I shou'd tell him—well—i'faith I shou'd,
 When all's spent he'd be cross'd then if he cou'd:

'Tis pity bounty has not eyes behind,
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with a casket, which he delivers to Timon.*]

T I M O N.

I must entreat you, honour me so much
 As to advance this jewel; accept, and wear it.

[*To Lucius.*]

LUCIUS.

I am so far already in your gifts——

FLAVIUS.

I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word, it
 does concern you near.

D 2

TIMON.

T I M O N.

Near! why then another time, I'll hear thee.

F L A V I U S.

[*Afide.*

What will this come to!—He commands us to provide,

And give rich gifts, and all out of an empty coffer.
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is.
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
Well, wou'd I were gently put out of office
Ere I were forced!

I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*

T I M O N.

You do yourselves much wrong; you bate too
much of your own merits.

And now, I remember, my lord, you gave good
words

The other day of a bay courser I rode on.

'Tis your's because you lik'd it. [To *Lucullus.*

L U C U L L U S.

O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

T I M O N.

You may take my word, my lord. I know
No man can justly praise, but what he does affect.
I weigh my friends affection with mine own.
I'll call on you.

A L L S P E A K.

Oh, none so welcome.

T I M O N.

I take all and your several visitations,
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.

L U C I U S.

T I M O N.

21

L U C I U S.

My lord, we are so virtuously bound—

T I M O N.

And so am I to you.

L U C U L L U S.

So infinitely endear'd—

A L C I B I A D E S.

The best of happiness, honour and fortune
Keep with you, lord Timon.

T I M O N.

Farewel, my noble friends.

[Exeunt all but Apemantus.]

A P E M A N T U S.

What a coil's here,
Serving of becks and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are giv'n for 'em; friendship full of dregs;
Methinks false hearts shou'd never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on courtships.

Re-enter T I M O N.

T I M O N.

Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not fullen,
I wou'd be good to thee.

A P E M A N T U S.

No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there
wou'd be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou
wou'd'st sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon,
I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper
shortly. What need these feasts, pomps and vain-
glories?

TIMON.

T · I M O N.

T I M O N.

Nay, an you begin to rail once on society, I am
 sworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come
 with better musick. *[Exit.]*

A P E M A N T U S.

So!

Thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then; I'll
 lock

Thy heav'n from thee. O, that man's ears shou'd be
 To counsell deaf, but not to flattery, *[Exit.]*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT,

A C T II.

Scene, a public Place in the City.

Enter LUCIUS and CAPHIS.

LUCIUS.

AND late, five thousand.—To Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum;
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why the dog coins gold.
If I wou'd sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he; why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
Ten able horses.—No porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state on safety.—Therefore, Caphis—

CAPHIS.

My lord, your pleasure?

LUCIUS.

Haste you to lord Timon's:
Importune him for my monies; he not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when
“Commend me to your master,”—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus.—But tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me; I must serve my turn.

Out

Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,
 And my reliance on his fracted dates
 Has smit my credit. I love and honour him;
 But must not break my back to heal his finger.
 Immediate are my needs, and my relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone.
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand ; for I do fear,
 When ev'ry feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Who flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

C A P H I S.

I go, Sir.

L U C I U S.

I go, Sir ? take the bonds along with you.

C A P H I S.

I will, Sir.

L U C I U S.

Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene, TIMON's Hall.

Enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

T I M O N.

You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time
 Had you not fully laid my state before me ?
 That I might so have rated my expence
 As I had leave of means.

F L A V I U S.

You wou'd not hear me ;
 At many leifures I propos'd.

T I M O N.

T I M O N.

Go to;
 Perchance some single vantages you took,
 When my indisposition put you back;
 And that unaptness made you minister,
 Thus to excuse yourself.

F L A V I U S.

O, my good lord!
 At many times I brought in my accounts,
 Laid them before you; you wou'd throw them off,
 And say you found them in my honesty.
 When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
 Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept;
 Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
 To hold your hand more close. I did endure,
 Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
 Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,
 And your great flow of debts. My dear lov'd lord,
 Tho' you hear now, yet now's too late a time;
 The greatest of your having, lacks a half
 To pay your present debts.

T I M O N.

Let all my land be sold.

F L A V I U S.

'Tis all engag'd; some forfeited and gone;
 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
 Of present dues: the future comes apace;
 What shall defend the interim? and at length,
 How goes our reck'ning?

T I M O N.

To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

F L A V I U S.

O, my good lord, the world is but a word;

E

Were

Were it all yours, to give it in a breath;
How quickly were it gone?

T I M O N.

You tell me true.

F L A V I U S.

If you suspect my husbandry or falshood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof: So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

T I M O N.

Pr'ythee, no more.

F L A V I U S.

Heav'ns, have I said the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! who now is not Timon's!
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's!

Great Timon's! noble, worthy, royal Timon's!
Ah, when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made;
Feast won, fast lost: one cloud of winter show'rs,
These flies are couch't.

T I M O N.

Come, sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I giv'n.
Why dost thou weep? canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If

If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes cou'd I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

FLAVIUS.

Affurance blefs your thoughts!

TIMON.

And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I'm wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho! Servilius! and Flaminius!

Enter FLAMINIUS and SERVILIUS, &c.

I will dispatch you sev'rally.
You to lord Lucius—to lord Lucullus you—com-
mend me to their loves; and I am proud, say, that
my occasions have found time to use 'em towards a
supply of money. Let the request be fifty talents.

FLAMINIUS.

As you have said, my lord.

Exeunt Flaminius and Servilius.

FLAVIUS.

Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum——

TIMON.

Go you, Sir, to the senators,
Of whom, ev'n to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o' th' instant
A thousand talents to me.

FLAVIUS.

I've been bold,
To them to use your signet and your name;

E 2

But

But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

T I M O N.

Is't true? can it be?

F L A V I U S.

They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are in want of treasure, cannot
Do what they wou'd—are sorry—you are honour-
able——

But yet they cou'd have wish'd—they know not—
Something has been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—wou'd all were well—'tis
pity——

And so intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

T I M O N.

You gods reward them!
I pry'thee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary;
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to Ventidius—pr'ythee be not sad,
Thou'rt true and just; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee.—Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate; when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents: that had, giv't these fellows
To

T I M O N.

19

To whom 'tis instant due.—Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

[Exit Flavius.]

Enter EVANDRA.

Hail to the fair Evandra! Methinks your looks are
chang'd,
And clouded with some grief that misbecomes them.

E V A N D R A.

Alas, my dearest lord, have I not cause?
Can such unhappy news, such dreadful tidings,
Assault my ears and not dismay my soul?
Ah! 'twas the utmost malice of my fate,
And conscious heav'n foretold it in a dream,
Whose horrid image chill'd my very heart.

T I M O N.

Let not vain terrors vex thy gentle nature,
For I must ever love my sweet Evandra.

E V A N D R A.

Melissa will not suffer it.—O, Timon,
Well may'st thou blush at thy ingratitude!
Thy barb'rous perfidy!

T I M O N.

Melissa! who has told you?

E V A N D R A.

Too fond man,
Did you believe the guilt wou'd be conceal'd?
Ah, no, the wanton glories in't—and can you,
Can you desert me thus?—Recal to mind
The race I sprung from, that of great Alcides;
In happier days (alas, with happier days,
Why is fond memory curs'd?) my youthful form,
And

And my unspotted fame yielded to none.
 You on your knees a thousand times have sworn it.
 These, these my lord,
 Ev'n all the treasure a fond maid possess'd
 I sacrific'd to you, and yet I lose you.

T I M O N.

No more, no more, Evandra.
 Man is not master of his appetites :
 Heav'n sways our minds to love.

E V A N D R A.

But hell too falsehood.
 How many thousand times you've vow'd and swore
 Eternal faith ; heav'n has not yet absolv'd
 You of your oaths to me ; nor can I ever.

T I M O N.

If you love me, you'll love my happiness.
 Melissa's conqu'ring eyes, her world of charms
 Have so inflam'd my soul ; I die without her.

E V A N D R A.

If I had lov'd another, when you first,
 My dear false Timon, swore your heart to me,
 Wou'd you have wish'd I might have found my bliss
 In other arms than yours ? No, no, it is
 To love a contradiction.

T I M O N.

Cruel task !——I cannot speak——

E V A N D R A.

Besides, or same mistakes, Melissa's form
 Does not so far eclipse the poor Evandra's.
 Ev'n modesty may whisper its own praise,
 When envy raves against it.

T I M O N.

But her love——

E V A N D R A.

T I M O N.

31

E V A N D R A.

Her love! 'tis mean, 'tis base, 'tis mercenary;
 She gives her person, but in rich exchange
 She asks an ample dowry.—I, alas!
 Wou'd generously give without vile traffic;
 I trusted to your faith, and plighted mine;
 Forsook my friends and kin; but little thought
 I shou'd have lost my love, and thrown't away
 Upon a barren and ungrateful soil.

T I M O N.

I, by resistless fate, am hurried on.

E V A N D R A.

A vulgar mean excuse for doing ill.

T I M O N.

If that were not, my honour is engag'd.

E V A N D R A.

It had a pre-engagement, sworn to me.

T I M O N.

How can I quit her love, which is as fervent—

E V A N D R A.

As yours was once to me, and may continue
 Perhaps as long.—Rash man! you cannot know
 She loves you. Since that base Cecropian law
 Made love a merchandize, to traffic hearts
 For heaps of sordid riches, who's secure?
 I came all love into your arms, unmix'd
 With other aims; and you, for this, will cause
 My death!

T I M O N.

I'd sooner seek my own, Evandra.—

E V A N D R A.

Then go not to Melissa, dear my lord.

T I M O N.

T I M O N.

T I M O N.

Why are not our desires within our pow'r?

E V A N D R A.

Why have we not the courage to be just?
Why must Melissa triumph o'er your faith?

T I M O N.

I wou'd I had not seen Melissa.

E V A N D R A.

Some comfort yet! Cherish those noble thoughts;
Pity shall seize on your expanding heart,
And quell the other rebel passions in you.
Nay, gratitude itself, in tenderest strains,
Shall plead my cause. I'd die to make you happy.

T I M O N.

You've mov'd me to be womanish.—Retire—
And let me recollect my scatter'd thoughts.

E V A N D R A.

But will you never see Melissa more?

T I M O N.

Sweet excellence, retire.

E V A N D R A.

I will.—You will remember your Evandra—

T I M O N.

Thou truest, tend'rest soul that e'er blest man,
I will, by heav'n.— *Exit Evandra,*
Why, relentless fate,
Why did I ever cease to love such goodness?
She has deserv'd beyond all measure of me;
And I will tear Melissa from my heart.
Melissa!—Oh, that angel form!—Such beauty,
What mortal can resist! She loves me too;

Meets ev'ry panting sigh with equal ardour,
And sacrifices all the world for me.
Must I forsake her! how shall I determine!
Each fair subdues and triumphs in her turn,
While double fires my anxious bosom burn.
What balm shall heal my still encreasing care,
Thus torn with love, hope, pity, and despair! [*Exit.*]

LUCULLUS's House in Athens.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

I have told my lord of you; he is coming down
to you.

FLAMINIUS.

I thank you, Sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

SERVANT.

Here's my lord.—

LUCULLUS.

[*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men! a gift I warrant.
Why this hits right. Flaminius, honest Flaminius,
you are very respectfully welcome, Sir.—Bring us
some wine here. [*Exit Servant for wine.*] And how
does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gen-
tleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord
and master?

FLAMINIUS.

His health is well, Sir.

F

LUCULLUS.

LUCULLUS.

I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminus?

FLAMINIUS.

Faith nothing but an empty box, Sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I am come to intreat your honour to supply; who having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

LUCULLUS.

La, la, la, la—Nothing doubting, says he? Alas! good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, on purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man hath his faults, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Enter a Servant with wine.

SERVANT.

Please your lordship, here is the wine.

LUCULLUS.

Flaminus, I have noted thee always wise; here's to thee.

FLAMINIUS.

Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

LUCULLUS.

I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason, and canst use the time well;
good

good parts in thee. Get you gone, firrah. [*To his servant, who exits.*] Flaminius, thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee, good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

FLAMINIUS.

Is't possible the world should so must differ,
And we alive that liv'd! Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*]

LUCULLUS.

Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

Exit Lucullus.

FLAMINIUS.

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him;
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't,
And when he's sick to death, let not that part
Of nurture my lord paid for be of pow'r
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour. [*Exit.*]

SCENE a public Street.

Enter LUCIUS and a Gentleman.

LUCIUS.

Who! the lord Timon! he is my very good friend,
and an honourable gentleman.

F 2

GEN.

GENTLEMAN.

I know him for no less. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

LUCIUS.

Do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

GENTLEMAN.

But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago his steward was with the senators, to borrow a thousand talents; nay, and urg'd extremity for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.—

LUCIUS.

How!

GENTLEMAN.

I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUCIUS.

What a strange case was that! Now by the gods I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? There was very little honour shew'd in that. For my own part, I must need confess I have receiv'd some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to them; yet had he mistook them, and sent to me, I shou'd ne'er have denied his occasions, all I cou'd command.

Enter SERVILIUS.

SERVILIUS.

See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord! [*To Lucius.*]

LUCIUS.

L U C I U S.

Servilius ! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well ; commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

S E R V I L I U S.

May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

L U C I U S.

Ha ! what hath he sent ? I am so much endear'd to that lord ; he's ever sending. How shall I thank him, think'st thou ? And what has he sent now ?

S E R V I L I U S.

He's as only sent his present occasion now, my lord, requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with fifty talents.

L U C I U S.

I know his lordship is but merry with me ; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

S E R V I L I U S.

But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

L U C I U S.

Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius ?

S E R V I L I U S.

Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

L U C I U S.

What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shew'd myself honourable ! How unlucky it happened, that I should purchase the day before, for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour ! Servilius,

now before the gods, I am not able to do—The more beast, I say.—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, this gentleman can witness; but I wou'd not for the wealth of Athens I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

SERVILIUS.

Yes, Sir, I shall.

LUCIUS.

I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. Come, Sir.

[Exeunt Lucius and gentleman.]

SERVILIUS.

Why this is the world's foul;
 And just of the same piece is ev'ry flatt'rer's spirit:
 Who can call him his friend
 That dips in the same dish? For, in my knowing,
 Timon has been this lord's father,
 And kept his credit with his purse;
 Supported his estate; nay Timon's money
 Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lips.
 And yet—(Oh, see the monstrousness of man,
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
 He does deny him, in respect of his,
 What charitable men afford to beggars.
 Well, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
 For policy sits above conscience. *[Exit.]*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

Scene SEMPRONIUS's House.

Enter FLAVIUS and SEMPRONIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

MUST he needs trouble me in't,
Above all others!
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison; and all these
Owe their estates to him.

FLAVIUS.

Oh, my lord,
They've all been touch'd, and all are found base
metal;
For they have all denied him.

SEMPRONIUS.

How! denied him!
Ventidius and Lucullus both denied him!
And does he send to me! I am angry at him;
He might have known my place. I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him,
And does he think so backwardly of me,
That I'll requite it last? No.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to have done him good.

But

But now return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join,
 Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.
 [Exit.]

FLAVIUS.

Excellent! your lordship's a goodly villain!
 The devil knew not what he did, when he made
 man politick; he cross'd himself by it; and I cannot
 think, but in the end the villanies of man will set
 him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear
 foul; takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like
 those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole
 realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politick love.
 This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
 Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead,
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master.
 And this all a liberal course allows,
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.
 [Exit.]

Scene T I M O N's Hall.

Enter POET, PAINTER, CAPHIS, and other
 Servants.

CAPHIS.

Well met, good morrow, Titus and Hortentius,

P O E T.

The like to you, kind Caphis.

PAINTER.

What, do we meet together?

CAPHIS.

CAPHIS.

Ay, and I think one business does command us;
For mine is money.

P O E T.

Ay, and so is ours.

Enter JEWELLER.

CAPHIS.

And Sir Philotas too.

JEWELLER.

Good day at once.

CAPHIS.

Welcome, good brother. What d'ye think the hour?

JEWELLER.

Labouring for nine.

CAPHIS.

So much!

JEWELLER.

Is not my lord seen yet?

CAPHIS.

Not yet.

JEWELLER.

I wonder! he was wont to shine at seven.

P O E T.

Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him.
You must consider that a prodigal's course
Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable.
I fear 'tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse.

CAPHIS.

I am of your fear for that.

G

JEWEL.

JEWELLER.

I'll shew you how t'observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

CAPHIS.

True he does.

JEWELLER.

And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

CAPHIS.

Against my heart.

PAINTER.

How strange it shows,
Timon in this shou'd pay more than he owes!
And e'en as if your lord shou'd wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

CAPHIS.

I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness;
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

JEWELLER.

My debt's three thousand crowns;—what yours?

CAPHIS.

Five thousand.

JEWELLER.

'Tis much too deep, and it shou'd seem by th' sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine,
Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter SERVILIUS.

CAPHIS.

One of lord Timon's men.

JEWEL-

JEWELLER.

Servilius! Sir, a word. Pray is my lord ready to come forth yet?

SERVILIUS.

No, indeed, he is not.

CAPHIS.

We attend his lordship; pray signify so much.

SERVILIUS.

I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. *[Exit.]*

Enter FLAVIUS, in a Cloak muffled.

P O E T.

Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud. Call him, call him,

CAPHIS.

Do you hear, Sir?

JEWELLER.

By your leave, Sir.

FLAVIUS.

What do you ask of me, my friend?

CAPHIS.

We wait for certain money here, Sir.

FLAVIUS.

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they wou'd smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest in their glutt'nous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up ;
 Let me pass quietly.
 Believ't, my lord and I have made an end ;
 I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

JEWELLER.

Ay, but this answer will not serve.

FLAVIUS.

If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you ;
 For you serve knaves, [Exit.

CAPHIS.

How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

P O E T.

No matter what. He's poor, and that's revenge
 enough,
 Who can speak broader than he that has no house
 to put his head in? Such may rail against great
 buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

PAINTER.

Oh, here's Servilius; now we shall have some
 answer,

SERVILIUS.

If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair
 Some other hour, I shou'd derive much from it,
 For take it of my soul
 My lord leans wond'rously to discontent ;
 His comfortable temper has forsook him ;
 He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

JEWELLER.

Many do keep their chambers, are not sick ;
 And if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks,

Methinks, he shou'd the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

SERVILIUS.

Good gods!

CAPHIS.

We cannot take this for an answer.

FLAVIUS.

[*within.*

Servilius help!—my lord, my lord!——

[*Exit Servilius.*

Enter TIMON in a rage, SERVILIUS
and Servants.

TIMON.

What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron-heart?

P O E T.

Put in now, Caphis.

CAPHIS.

My lord, here's my bill.

PAINTER.

Here's mine.

JEWELLER.

And mine, my lord.

TIMON.

Knock me down with 'em, cleave me to the girdle.

SERVILIUS.

Alas, my lord!

TIMON.

T I M O N.

Cut my heart out in fums.

JEWELLER.

Mine, three thousand crowns:

T I M O N.

Tell out my blood——

CAPHIS.

Five thousand crowns, my lord.

T I M O N.

Five thousand drops pay that.
What's yours?—and yours?—

P O E T.

My lord!——

P A I N T E R.

My lord!——

T I M O N.

Here tear me, take me, and the gods fall on you!—
[Exit Timon, and servants.]

CAPHIS.

Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps
at their money; these debts may well be call'd de-
perate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [Exeunt.]Scene an Apartment. Re-enter T I M O N and
F L A V I U S.

T I M O N.

They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves!
Creditors! devils!——

F L A V I U S.

My dear lord!

T I M O N,

T I M O N.

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T I M O N.

What if it should be so?—

F L A V I U S.

My dear lord.—

T I M O N.

I'll have it so—my steward.

F L A V I U S.

Here, my lord!

T I M O N.

So fitly!—Go bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius—all—
I'll once more feast the rascals.

F L A V I U S.

O, my lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul;
There's not so much left as to furnish out
A moderate table.

T I M O N.

Be it not thy care!

Go, and invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[Exit Flavius, &c, &c.]

I yet have one reserve can never fail me,
And while Melissa's kind I can't be miserable;
She has much fortune in her own disposal.
The sun will sooner leave his course, than she
Desert me.

I'll to her and unload my aching heart;
How now?

Enter F L A M I N I U S.

F L A M I N I U S.

My lord, obedient to your will,

4

I found

I found Melissa, and in gentlest terms
Soliciting, declar'd my errand, but alas,
Gain'd no relief, and what I dread to tell you,
She vows, and bad me say't, she wou'd not see you.

T I M O N.

What does the rascal say? thou damned villain!
Thou dost belie her.

FLAMINIUS.

By heav'n, 'tis truth! She says, she will not see you,
Declar'd she had no further thought of you.
Desir'd that you wou'd trouble her no more,
She had affairs of consequence, and then
Scowling defiance at me, with a brow
Of hideous scorn, she left me fix'd to th' earth,
And almost turn'd to stone at the fell sight
Of such a Gorgon. —

T I M O N.

Peace, enough, enough—begone. [*Exit Flaminius.*
Now Timon thou art fall'n indeed—Is't possible?
Open thou earth, and swallow to thy center
The wretch'dst thing thou ever yet didst bear.
Ye mountains cover me, and let my name,
My odious name, be never heard of more!
O straggling senses, whither are ye going?
Evandra comes—I cannot bear her sight!
I've been ungrateful to her, why should I
Curse villains who are so to me?

Enter E V A N D R A.

E V A N D R A.

Unhappy Timon! I have heard thy wrongs,
But come not to upbraid thee.—No, my lord,
Let false Melissa join thy impious friends,
Evandra is not form'd of such base mold.

T I M O N.

T I M O N.

Turn, turn thy eyes from an ungrateful man.

E V A N D R A.

No, since I first beheld my much lov'd Timon,
They have delighted in no other form,
And shall they now for sordid int'rest, quit
The sacred call of love.

T I M O N.

Mistaken woman.
Fly, fly a wretched catiff, whom the curse
Of heav'n and earth pursues, for slighting thee.

E V A N D R A.

I am no base Athenian parasite,
To fly from thy distress. I'll help to bear it.

T I M O N.

Evandra, no. It is not to be borne.
Accursed Athens! Den of two-legg'd beasts;
Plague, civil war, and famine be thy lot!
Let generation cease, that none of thy
Confounding spurious brood may rise
To curse succeeding ages.

E V A N D R A.

Dear my lord,
Compose thy ruffled thoughts—I know thy wants—
I know thy creditors like wild beasts, wait
To prey upon thee; and base Athens has
To it's eternal infamy deserted thee.
But thy unwearied bounty to Evandra,
Has so enrich'd her, she can yet assist thee—
And with thy own relieve thy state.

T I M O N.

Gods! gods!
This wond'rous generosity o'erwhelms

H

And

And covers me all o'er with shame and blushes.
 Thou hast oblig'd a wretch too much already,
 And I have us'd thee ill for't;—fly Evandra!
 My brains diseas'd; fly, or I shall infect thee.
 Oh, that the world were all on fire!

E V A N D R A.

Oh, my dear lord, this sight will break my heart;
 Take comfort to you, let your creditors
 Swallow their maws full; we have yet enough:
 Let us retire together and live free
 From all the smiles and frowns of human kind.
 I shall have all I wish for, having thee.

T I M O N.

I never can deserve thee—no I will not,
 I cannot be so humbled—think, Evandra,
 Have I not us'd thee scurvily?

E V A N D R A.

Thou hast not.
 Comfort thyself, my dearest lord, if ever
 I bow'd beneath the weight of your unkindness,
 Your favour now bestows a vast amends,
 And I am blest beyond my utmost hopes.

T I M O N.

Most excellent of all the whole creation!
 Thou art too good that thou should'st e'er partake
 Of my misfortunes.—Yet, with thanks to heav'n,
 That form'd (t' apologize for human nature)
 One faithful friend—I take thee to my heart,
 And lay up all my future hopes in thee.
 Pry'thee, Evandra, go to thy own house,
 I am once more to give my flatt'ring rogues
 An entertainment, such as shall besit 'em.
 That done, I'll seek the shelter of thy arms,
 And drown my cares in love.

E V A N D R A.

T I M O N.

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E V A N D R A.

Fly swift the hours
'Till happiness and thou return again.

T I M O N.

Farewel, my best belov'd.

E V A N D R A.

My dearest Timon!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene, the Senate House.

Senators discovered,

F I R S T S E N A T O R.

My lords, you have my voice to't: the fault's bloody;
'Tis necessary he shou'd die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

S E C O N D S E N A T O R.

Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES.

A L C I B I A D E S.

Health, honour, and compassion to the senate!

F I R S T S E N A T O R.

Now? captain.

A L C I B I A D E S.

I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lye heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into't.

H 2

He

He is a man, setting this fault aside,
 Of comely virtues.
 Nor did he foil the fact with cowardice.
 (An honour in him which buys out his fault,)
 But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
 Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
 He did oppose his foe.

SECOND SENATOR.

You undergo too strict a paradox,
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair;
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe;
 If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

ALCIBIADES.

My lord——

FIRST SENATOR.

You cannot make gross sins look clear;
 It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

ALCIBIADES.

My lords, then under favour, pardon me,
 If I speak like a captain.
 Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
 And not endure all threatnings, sleep upon't,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats
 Without repugnancy? Or if there be
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we abroad?
 Why then sure women are more valiant
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it:
 The ass more than the lion; and the fellow
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. Oh, my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good;
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;

But

But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
 To be in anger is impiety,
 But who is man, that is not angry?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

FIRST SENATOR.

You breathe in vain.——

ALCIBIADES.

In vain! his service done
 At Lacædemon and Byzantium,
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

FIRST SENATOR.

What's that?

ALCIBIADES.

Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
 And slain in battle many of your enemies;
 How full of valour did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

SECOND SENATOR.

He has made too much plenty with them.
 He's a sworn rioter. In that beastly fury
 He has been known to commit outrages,
 And cherish factions.—'Tis infer'd to us,
 His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

FIRST SENATOR.

He dies.

ALCIBIADES.

Hard fate! he might have dy'd in war.
 My lords, if not for any parts in him,
 (Tho' his right arm might purchase his own time,
 And be in debt to none) yet, more to move you,
 Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both.
 And for I know, your reverend ages love

Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
 My honours to you, on his good returns.
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,
 Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore.

FIRST SENATOR.

We are for law: he dies. Urge it no more,
 On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
 He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

ALCIBIADES.

Must it be so? it must not be.
 My lords, I do beseech you know me,

FIRST SENATOR.

How!

ALCIBIADES.

Call me to your remembrances!

SECOND SENATOR.

What!—

ALCIBIADES.

I cannot think, but your age hath forgot me;
 It could not else be, I shou'd prove so base;
 To sue and be deny'd such common grace,
 My wounds ake at you.

FIRST SENATOR.

Do you dare our anger?
 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
 We banish thee for ever.

ALCIBIADES.

Banish me!
 Banish your dotage: banish usury;
 That make your senate ugly.

FIRST.

T I M O N.

83

FIRST SENATOR.

If after two days shine, Athens contains thee,
Attend our weightier judgment;
And not to swell your spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

A L C I B I A D E S.

Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad. I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large int'rest; I myself
Rich only in large hurts.—All those for this!
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds?—ha!—Banishment!
It comes not ill. I hate not to be banish'd,
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most hands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little shou'd brook wrongs as Gods.
[*Exit.*]

Scene TIMON's House.

Enter POET and PAINTER.

P A I N T E R.

I think this honourable lord did but jest with us
this other day, to try our loves as 'twere.

P O E T.

Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we en-
countered. I hope it is not so low with him as he
made it seem in the trial of his several friends.—

P A I N T E R.

It shou'd not be by the persuasion of this new feasting;
POET.

P O E T.

I should think so——

P A I N T E R.

Royal cheer, I warrant you.

P O E T.

Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

Enter J E W E L L E R.

J E W E L L E R.

A noble feast toward!
This is lord Timon still.

P O E T.

How do you? what's the news?

J E W E L L E R.

Alcibiades is banish'd.

P A I N T E R.

Alcibiades banish'd?

J E W E L L E R.

'Tis so; be sure of it.

P O E T.

How, how!

P A I N T E R.

I pray you, upon what?

J E W E L L E R.

I'll tell you more anon—here come the senators——

Enter

Enter LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SENATORS, &c.

LUCIUS.

No doubt, no doubt.—He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off, but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

LUCULLUS.

In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business; but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

LUCIUS.

I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

LUCULLUS.

What wou'd he have borrow'd of you?

LUCIUS.

A thousand pieces.

LUCULLUS.

A thousand pieces!

LUCIUS.

What of you?

LUCULLUS.

He sent to me, Sir——here he comes!

Enter TIMON, &c.

LUCULLUS.

Joy, health and happiness, attend lord Timon.

I

LUCIUS.

P O E T.

I should think so——

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LUCULLUS.

Joy, health and happiness, attend lord Timon.

I

LUCIUS.

L U C I U S.

May all his wishes prosper——

T I M O N.

With all my heart, gentlemen both.—And how fare you?

L U C I U S.

Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

L U C U L L U S.

The swallow follows not summer more willingly than we your lordship.

T I M O N.

Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer birds are men. [*Aside.*]——Gentlemen our dinner will not recompence this long stay. Feast your ears with musick a while, if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently——

L U C I U S.

I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

T I M O N.

O Sir, let not that trouble you.

L U C I U S.

My noble lord!

L U C U L L U S.

Most honourable lord, I'm e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

T I M O N.

Think not on it, Sir.

L U C U L L U S.

If you had sent but two hours before——

T I M O N.

T I M O N.

Let it not cumber your better remembrance,
My worthy friends, will you draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene, a Banquetting Room.

Enter T I M O N, &c. &c.

T I M O N.

Now each man to his seat with that spur as he wou'd
to the lips of his mistress.—Your diet shall be in
all places alike.—Make not a city feast of it, to let
the meat cool e'er we can agree upon the first place.
—Sit, sit.—The gods require our thanks. Thus
then.

T H E G R A C E.

“ You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with
“ thankfulness. For your own gifts make your-
“ selves prais'd; but reserve still to give, least your
“ deities be despis'd.—Lend to each man enough,
“ that one need not lend to another; for were your
“ godheads to borrow of men, men wou'd forsake
“ the gods. Make the meat belov'd, more than
“ the man that gives it.—Let no assembly of
“ twenty be without a score of villains.—If there
“ sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of
“ them be—as they are.—The rest of your
“ foes, O gods! the senators of Athens, together
“ with the common lag of people, what is amiss
“ in them, you gods, make suitable for destruc-
“ tion:—for these, my friends,—as they are
“ to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to
“ nothing are they welcome.”—Uncover—dogs—
and lap!

[*The dishes uncover'd, are full of
warm water.*]

I 2

SOME.

S O M E.

What does his lordship mean?

O T H E R S.

I know not——

T I M O N.

May you a better feast never behold,
 You knot of mouth-friends. Smoke and lukewarm
 water

Is your perfection.—This is Timon's last.
 Who stuck and spangled with your flatteries
 Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
 Your reeking villainy.—Live loath'd and long
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears.
 You fools of fortune, trencher friends, time flies,
 Cap and knee slaves, vapour and minute jacks;
 Of Man and beast, the infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er!—What dost thou go?
 Soft, take thy physick first—thou too—and thou.
 Stay, I will lend thee money——borrow none.
 What, all in motion?—Henceforth be no feast,
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
 Burn house, sink Athens, henceforth hated be
 Of Timon, man, and all humanity. [*Exeunt.*]

2
 END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

Scene, without the Walls of Athens.

Enter T I M O N.

T I M O N.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in these wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! matrons turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children; slaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads.—Bankrupts hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your truster's throats. — Bound servants
steal;

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law.—Maid to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is i'th' brothel.—Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
With it beat out his brains.—Plagues, incident to
man,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke!—Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison.—Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!

Take *thou* that too, with multiplying banns.
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods all!)
Th' Athenians both within, and out that wall;
And grant as Timon grows, his hate may grow,
To the whole race of mankind, high and low. [*Exit.*

Scene,

Scene, TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, &c.

FLAMINIUS.

Hear you, good master steward, where's our lord?
Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

FLAVIUS.

Alack, my fellows, what shou'd I say to you?
Let be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

SERVILIUS.

Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! all gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him.

FLAMINIUS.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all shun'd poverty,
Walks like contempt alone.—Soft, who comes here?

Enter EVANDRA.

EVANDRA.

Poor broken implements of a ruin'd house!
Yet do your hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by your faces: ye are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow!

FLAVIUS.

F L A V I U S.

Leak'd is our bark,
And we poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat; we must all part
Into the sea of air.

E V A N D R A.

Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth, I'll share amongst you.
Wherever ye shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Be ye yet fellows; shake your heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto your master's fortunes,
We have seen better days.—Let each take some.

[giving them money.]

Nay, put out all your hands,—not one word more.
Thus part you rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[The servants embrace, and part several ways.]

Oh, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings!
Who wou'd not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Ah! poor my lord! brought low by thy own heart,
Undone by goodness; strange unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good.
Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow and enquire him out;
To serve his mind be ever my best meed!
Whilst I have gold, Timon shall never need. [Exit.]

Scene, the Woods.

Enter TIMON alone.

T I M O N.

O Blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten

Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant, touch with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser. Not even nature,
 To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune
 But by contempt of nature. Then be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblance, yea, *himself*, Timon disdains,
 Destruction sang mankind!—Earth yield me roots.
[digging the earth.]

Who seeks for better of thee—sawce his palate
 With thy most operant poison!—What's here?
 Gold? yellow glitt'ring, precious gold? No gods,
 I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heav'ns!
 Thus much of this, will make black, white; fair,
 foul;
 Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; cowards,
 valiant.

Come damped earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature. *[drum, march afar off]* Ha! a
 drum?—Thou'rt quick,
 But yet I'll bury thee.—Thoul't go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. *[keeping some gold.]*

Enter ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, and
 TIMANDRA, with Drums, &c.

A L C I B I A D E S.

What art thou there? Speak.

T I M O N.

A beast, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,
 For shewing me again the eyes of man.

A L C I-

A L C I B I A D E S.

What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

T I M O N.

I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

A L C I B I A D E S.

I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

T I M O N.

I know thee too, and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know.—Follow thy drum!
With man's blood paint the ground.—Gules, gules!
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what shou'd war be? This *base wench* of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubim look.

T I M A N D R A.

Hang thee, foul monster!

A L C I B I A D E S.

Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
How came the noble Timon to this change?

T I M O N.

As the moon does, by wanting light to give;
But then renew I cou'd not, like the moon,
There were no suns to borrow of.

A L C I B I A D E S.

Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

T I M O N.

None, but to maintain my opinion.

A L C I B I A D E S.

What is it Timon?

T I M O N.

Promise me friendship, but perform none. If
 Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
 thou art a man;
 If thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a
 man!

A L C I B I A D E S.

I'm fore at heart to see thy miseries.

T I M O N.

Thou saw'st 'em when I had prosperity.

A L C I B I A D E S.

I see them now, then was a blessed time.

T I M O N.

As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

T I M A N D R A.

Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
 Voic'd so regardfully?

A L C I B I A D E S.

It is, it is.
 I have but little gold of late brave Timon,
 The want whereof doth daily make revolt
 In my penurious band.—Yet of that little.—

T I M O N.

I prythee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

A L C I B I A D E S.

I am thy friend and pity thee, dear Timon.

T I M O N.

67

T I M O N.

How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I'd rather be alone.

A L C I B I A D E S.

Why, fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.—

T I M O N.

Keep it, I cannot eat it.

A L C I B I A D E S.

When I have laid proud Athens in a heap.—

T I M O N.

Warr'st thou with Athens?

A L C I B I A D E S.

Ay, Timon, and have cause.

T I M O N.

The gods confound them all then in thy conquest,
And after, thee, when thou hast conquer'd!

A L C I B I A D E S.

Why me, Timon?

T I M O N.

That by killing of villains thou wast born to conquer
Thy country.

Put up thy gold.—go on—here's gold—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air.—Let not thy sword skip one,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot.—There's gold to pay thy soldiers:

K 2

Make

Make large confusion; and thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself! speak not, begone.

A L C I B I A D E S.

Hast thou gold yet?—I will not take thy counsel.

T I M O N.

Dost thou, or dost thou not, heav'n's curse upon thee!

B O T H W O M E N.

Give us some gold, good Timon. Hast thou more?

T I M O N.

Enough to make ye all forsware your trade;
 Hold up your aprons—you're not Oathable,
 Altho' I know, you'll swear, terribly swear
 Into strong shudders, and to heav'nly agues
 Th' immortal gods that hear you.—Spare your oaths
 I'll trust to your conditions.—Be jades still.
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in sin, allure him! burn him up!
 Thatch your thin roofs with burdens of the dead.
 (Some that were hang'd, no matter)
 Wear them, betray with them, and still consume;
 Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face,
 A pox of wrinkles!

B O T H W O M E N.

Well, more gold! what then?
 Believe that we'll do any thing for gold.

T I M O N.

Crack, crack the lawyer's voice
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly.—Hoar the Flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself. Bald, curl'd-pate ruffians,
 And let the unseam'd braggarts of the war;
Derive

Derive some pain from you—plague all?
There's gold——more gold!
Do you damn others, and let this damn you!
And ditches grave you all!

B O T H W O M E N.

More counsel, with more money, bounteous Timon.

T I M O N.

More jade, more mischief first. I've giv'n you
earnest.

A L C I B I A D E S.

Strike up the drums towards Athens. Farewel
Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

T I M O N.

If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

A L C I B I A D E S.

I never did thee harm.

T I M O N.

Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

A L C I B I A D E S.

Call'st thou that harm?

T I M O N.

Men daily find it: get thee hence! away!
And take thy beagles with thee.

A L C I B I A D E S.

We but offend him.—Strike— [Drums beat.
[Exit Alcibiades, Pbryna and Timandra.

T I M O N

TIMON Solus.

T I M O N.

(Digging.) That nature being sick of man's unkindness,

Shou'd yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou
 Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
 Teems and feeds all! O thou whose self same metal
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
 Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
 The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm;
 And all th' abhorred births below crisp heav'n,
 Whereon Hyperions quick'ning fire doth shine;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons does hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
 Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
 Let it no more bring out ungrateful man;
 Go, great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented.—O, a root!—Dear thanks!

[Retires and eats.]

Enter EVANDRA.

E V A N D R A.

Oh, you gods!
 Is yon despis'd and ruinous man, my lord?
 Full of decay and failing? O, monument
 And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
 What change of honour desp'rate want hath made?
 H'as caught me in his eye; I will present
 My tender grief to him; and as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life—my dearest lord!

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

T I M O N.

Away, what art thou?

E V A N D R A.

EVANDRA.

Have you forgot me, Sir?

T I M O N.

Why dost thou ask?—I have forgot mankind;
Then if thou grant'st thou art of human race,
I have forgot thee.

EVANDRA.

Indeed! do you not know me?

T I M O N.

Thou walk'st upon two legs—and hast a face
Erect towards heav'n, and all such animals
I have abjur'd.—Pry'thee begone.

EVANDRA.

Unkind and cruel! have you then forgotten
Your poor Evandra?

T I M O N.

No, I remember there was such a one
Whom I us'd ill.—Why dost thou follow misery?
Pry'thee begone!

EVANDRA.

These cruel words will break my heart, I come
Not to encrease thy misery, but mend it.
Ah! my dear Timon, why this sordid dress?
And why this spade?

T I M O N.

'Tis to dig roots, and earn my dinner with.

EVANDRA.

I have converted part of my estate
To money and to jewels, and have brought 'em
To lay 'em at thy feet.

T I M O N.

I will not touch 'em; no, I shall be flatter'd.

EVANDRA.

E V A N D R A.

Comfort thyself, and quit this savage life;
 We have enough in spite of all the baseness
 Of the Athenians.—Let not those false slaves
 Triumph o'er thy afflictions, we'll live free.

T I M O N.

If thou dissuad'st me from this life, thou hat'st me;
 For all the principalities on earth,
 I would not change this spade. Pry'thee begone,
 Thou temp'st me but in vain.

E V A N D R A.

Be not so cruel;
 Nothing but death shall ever take me from thee.

T I M O N.

I'll never change my life; what would'st thou
 Do with me?

E V A N D R A.

I'd live the same. Is there a time or place,
 A temper or condition I would leave
 My Timon in?—

T I M O N.

You must not stay with me.

E V A N D R A.

Oh, too unkind!
 I offer'd thee all my prosperity—
 And thou most niggardly deny'st me part
 Of thy afflictions.—But the gods can witness
 Ne'er did poor woman wear a truer grief
 For her undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

T I M O N.

What, dost thou weep?—come nearer—then I love
 thee.

'Tis so—thou art a woman, and disclaims't

Flinty

Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust, and laughter; pity's sleeping.
Strange times! that weep with laughing, not with
weeping.

E V A N D R A.

I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T'accept my grief; and look upon me still.

T I M O N.

Had I a mistress
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dang'rous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face.—Surely this form was born
of woman!

Forgive my gen'ral, and exceptless rashness;
Perpetual sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest soul.—Mistake me not.—But one—
No more, I pray; and that's a woman too—
How fain wou'd I have hated all mankind
And thou redeem'st thyself—but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise,
For by neglecting or betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner pleas'd a filthy world.

E V A N D R A.

Thou wilt be all to me.

T I M O N.

I am savage as a satyr, and my temper
Is much unsound—my brain will be distracted.

E V A N D R A.

Thou wilt be Timon still, that's all I ask.

T I M O N.

Is't possible, ye gods!—what—how!—but tell me
true,

L

(For

(For I must ever doubt, tho' ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous;
An usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

E V A N D R A.

No, my most worthy lord, in whose dear breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late.
You shou'd have fear'd false times, when you did feast;
Suspect still comes when an estate is least;
That which I show, heav'n knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind;
And believe it,
My dearest, best belov'd, most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me
Either in hope or present, it is center'd
In this one wish—to live and die with you.

T I M O N.

Look there—'tis so.—Thou singly honest being,
Here, take.—The gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure.—Go, live rich and happy!
Be blest as thou deserv'st.—I cannot bear
To see thee miserable—thou art too good
To suffer with me the rough boist'rous weather
To mortify thyself with roots and water;
'Twill kill thee, my coarse nature may endure.
Pry'thee begone!—

E V A N D R A.

To death if you command.

T I M O N.

I have forsworn all human conversation.

E V A N D R A.

And so have I, but thine—dear, dear my lord!
Let me stay with thee—On my knees I beg it,

If

If thou refusest me, I cannot live ;
I swear by all the gods.

T I M O N.

Rise, my Evandra ! we will go together :
Nothing shall tear thee from me.—O thou miracle !
Thou gem of all thy sex ! we'll go together ;
But thus condition'd :—we'll avoid mankind ;
Hate all ! curse all !—shew charity to none.
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
E'er we relieve the beggar :—give to dogs
What we deny to men :—let prisons swallow 'em !
Debts wither 'em.—Be men like blasted woods !
And may diseases lick up their false bloods.
O my Evandra—I am faint and weary,
Labour unus'd oppresses my weak limbs,
And rage exhausts my spirits.

E V A N D R A.

Dearest love,
Repose yourself a while—lean on my arm,
Sleep shall renew thy languid faculties ;
Meanwhile I'll gather fruits and berries for thee.

T I M O N.

More man ! plague ! plague !
Retire into my cave. [Exit Evandra.]

Enter A P E M A N T U S.

A P E M A N T U S.

I was directed hither.—Men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use 'em.

T I M O N.

'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I wou'd imitate.—Consumption catch thee !

A P E M A N T U S.

This is in thee a nature but affected :

L 2

A poor

A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this dismal place?
 This slave like habit, and these looks of care?
 Thy flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever Timon was.—Shame not these woods
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent. Thou was told thus;
 Thou gav'st thine ears (like tapsters that bid welcome)
 To knaves and all approachers; 'tis most just
 That thou turn rascal.—Hadst thou wealth again,
 Rascals shou'd have't. Do not assume my likeness.

T I M O N.

Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

A P E M A N T U S.

Thou'lt cast away thyself, being like thyself;
 So long a madman, now a fool. What think'st thou,
 That the bleak air, thy boist'rous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist trees
 That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook
 Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste
 To cure thy o'ernight's surfeit? Call the creatures
 Whose naked natures live in all the spight
 Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhoused trunks
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee,
 Oh, thou shalt find——

T I M O N.

A fool of thee; depart!

A P E M A N T U S.

I love thee better now, than e'er I did.

T I M O N.

T I M O N.

77

T I M O N.

I hate thee worse.

A P E M A N T U S.

Why?

T I M O N.

Thou flatt'rest misery.

A P E M A N T U S.

I flatter not—but say thou art a caitif.

T I M O N.

Why dost thou seek me out?

A P E M A N T U S.

To vex thee.

T I M O N.

Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

A P E M A N T U S.

Ay.

T I M O N.

What a knave too?

A P E M A N T U S.

If thou didst put this four cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst courtier be,
Wert thou not beggar;
Thou shou'dst desire to die, being miserable.

T I M O N.

Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claspt; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like me from my first swath, proceeded
Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To

To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou wou'dst have plung'd thyself
 In general riot, melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lusts, and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee.—But myself
 Who had the world as my confectionary,
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
 At duty, more than I cou'd frame employments,
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak; have, with one winter's brush
 Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows. I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden.
 Thy nature did commence in suff'rance. Time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why shou'dst thou hate
 men?

They never flatter'd thee.—What hast thou giv'n?
 If thou wilt curse—thy father, that poor rag
 Must be thy subject, who, in spite, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee,
 Poor rogue hereditary.—Hence begone—
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

A P E M A N T U S.

Art thou proud yet?

T I M O N.

Ay, that I am not thee.

A P E M A N T U S.

I, that I was no prodigal.

T I M O N.

I, that I am one now.
 Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it,—Get thee gone!
 That

That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus wou'd I eat it.— *[eating a root.]*

A P E M A N T U S.

Here, I will mend thy feast. *[offering him another.]*

T I M O N.

First mend my company—take away thyself.

A P E M A N T U S.

What wou'dst thou have to Athens?

T I M O N.

Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt
Tell them there, I have gold.—Look, so I have.

A P E M A N T U S.

Here is no use for gold.

T I M O N.

The best and truest;
For here it sleeps and does no hired harm.

A P E M A N T U S.

Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

T I M O N.

Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

A P E M A N T U S.

Where my stomach finds meat; or rather, where I
eat it.

T I M O N.

Wou'd poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

A P E M A N T U S.

Where wou'dst thou send it?

T I M O N.

T I M O N.

To fauce thy dishes.—

A P E M A N T U S.

The middle of humanity thou never knew'st,
But the extremity of both ends. When thou wast
in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock't thee
for too much courtesy, in thy rags thou know'st
none, but art despis'd for the contrary.—

T I M O N.

What wou'dst thou do with the world, Apemantus,
if it lay in thy power?

A P E M A N T U S.

Give it to the beasts, to be rid of the men.

T I M O N.

Wou'dst thou have thyself in the confusion of men,
or remain a beast with the beasts?

A P E M A N T U S.

Ay, Timon.

T I M O N.

A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to
attain to.

A P E M A N T U S.

The commonweath of Athens is become a forest
of beasts.

T I M O N.

How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art of
the city?

A P E M A N T U S.

There are others coming to visit thee.—The plague
of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it,
and

and give way.—When I know not what else to do,
I'll see thee again.

T I M O N.

When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be
welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than
Apemantus.

A P E M A N T U S.

Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

T I M O N.

Wou'd thou wert clean enough to spit upon.—

A P E M A N T U S.

A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

T I M O N.

Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
I swoon to see thee.

A P E M A N T U S.

Wou'd thou wou'dst burst.

T I M O N.

Slave!

A P E M A N T U S.

Toad!

T I M O N.

Rogue! rogue! rogue!

A P E M A N T U S.

I'll say, thou hast gold.
Thou wilt be throng'd to, shortly.

T I M O N.

Throng'd to?

M

A P E.

A P E M A N T U S.

Ay.

T I M O N.

Thy back, I prythee——

A P E M A N T U S.

Live and love thy misery!

[Exit.

T I M O N.

Long live so, and so die! I am quit.——

Choler will kill me if I see mankind.

Oh, I am sick at heart.—Come forth, Evandra.

Enter EVANDRA from the Cave.

T I M O N.

Canst thou eat roots?—Our feasting's come to this.

E V A N D R A.

Eat what I will, 'tis feasting if with thee.

T I M O N.

Thou singly faithful in a world that's false,

Last cordial drop of sweet humanity.

That spite of foul example still perform'st

Thy fainted office in an angel's form,

Cling round my heart, and combat with despair.

O 'tis too much—too much—

E V A N D R A.

Dearest Timon,

Wou'dst thou compose thy thoughts and be content,

We might be happy yet.

T I M O N.

Let's quench our thirst at yonder running brook,

And then repose awhile.

E V A N D R A.

The gods preserve you!

[Exeunt.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

Scene, the Woods.

Enter T I M O N.

T I M O N, alone.

NOW sick of this false world and all its follies,
 Timon, resign'd to fate—has dug his grave,
 Where the light foam of the salt flood may beat
 His grave-stone daily—Wrote his epitaph,
 That death in him at other's lives may laugh.
 O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[looking on the gold.]

'Twixt natural son and fire! Thou bright defiler
 Of hymen's purest bed! Thou valiant Mars!
 Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate woer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
 That lies on Dian's lap! Thou visible god!
 That solder'st close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kifs! that speak'st with ev'ry tongue
 To ev'ry purpose! Oh, thou touch of hearts!
 Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire.—See they come,
 More things like men.—turn Timon, and abhor 'em.

[Exit into his cave.]

Enter POET and PAINTER.

P A I N T E R.

As I took note of the place, it can't be far where
 he abides.

M 2

P O E T

P O E T.

What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

P A I N T E R.

Certain; Alcibiades reports it. Phryna and Timandra had gold of him; 'he enrich'd 'em with a great quantity.—'Tis said he gave his steward a mighty sum.

P O E T.

Then this breaking of his has been but a trial of his friends.

P A I N T E R.

Nothing else, you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest.—Therefore 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his; it will shew honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

P O E T.

What have you now to present him?

P A I N T E R.

Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

P O E T.

I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming towards him.

Enter TIMON list'ning from his cave.

P A I N T E R.

Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'th' time, it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance
is

is ever the duller for his act, and but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of use.—To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

T I M O N.

Excellent workman! thou can'st not paint a man so bad as thyself. *[Aside.]*

P O E T.

I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself, a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

T I M O N.

Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee. *[Aside.]*

P O E T.

Nay, let's seek him.
Then we do sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet and come too late.

P A I N T E R.

True;
While the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come. *[Exeunt Poet and Painter.]*

T I M O N.

I'll meet you at the turn.
What a god's gold, that he is worshipp'd
In baser temples, then where swine do feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam,
Settlest

Settlest admired rev'rence in a slave:
 To thee be worship, and thy saints for aye
 Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

Enter POET and PAINTER.

P O E T,

Hail, worthy Timon!

P A I N T E R.

Our late worthy master!

T I M O N.

Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

P O E T.

Sir, having often of your bounty tasted,
 Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
 Whose thankless natures (oh, abhorred spirits!)
 Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough—
 What! to you!
 Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
 To their whole being. I am rapt and cannot
 Cover the monst'rous bulk of this ingratitude
 With any size of words.

T I M O N.

Let it go naked, men may see't the better.
 You that are honest, by being what you are,
 Make them best seen and known.

P A I N T E R.

He, and myself,
 Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
 And sweetly felt it.

T I M O N.

Ay, you're honest men,

PAINTER.

T I M O N.

37

P A I N T E R.

We're hither come to offer you our service.

T I M O N.

Most honest men! why how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? No.

B O T H.

What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

T I M O N.

You're honest men. You've heard that I have gold,
I'm sure you have. Speak truth—you're honest men.

P A I N T E R.

So it is said, my noble lord, but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

T I M O N.

Good honest man; thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens; thou'rt indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

P A I N T E R.

So, so, my lord.

T I M O N.

E'en so, Sir, as I say—and for thy fiction, [*to the Poet.*
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thy art.
But for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault;
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

P A I N T E R.

Befeech your honour to make it known to us.

T I M O N.

You'll take it ill.

B O T H.

B O T H.

Most thankfully, my lord.

T I M O N.

Will you indeed?

P O E T.

Doubt it not, my lord.

T I M O N.

There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.

B O T H.

Do we, my lord?

T I M O N.

Ay, and you hear him cogg, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him and feed him,
Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made up villain.

P A I N T E R.

I know none such, my lord.

P O E T.

Nor I.

T I M O N.

Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold.
Rid me these villains from your companies,
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

P O E T.

Name them, my lord.

P A I N T E R.

Let us know 'em.

T I M O N.

You that way, and you this.—Be not in company;
Each

Each man apart, all single and alone,
 Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
 If where thou art two villains shall not be,

[to the Painter.

Come not near him.—If thou wou'dst not reside

[to the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.

Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye
 slaves.

You have work for me; there is your payment.

Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that.

Out, rascal, dogs! [*Exeunt Poet and Painter.—Ti-
 mon retires to his cave.*

Enter two SENATORS, and a SOLDIER.

SOLDIER.

It is in vain that you wou'd speak with Timon,
 For he is set so only to himself,
 That nothing but himself which looks like man,
 Is friendly with him.

FIRST SENATOR.

Bring us to his cave.

It is our part, and promise to th' Athenians
 To speak with Timon.

SECOND SENATOR.

At all times alike,
 Men are not still the same. 'Twas time and griefs
 That fram'd him thus. Time, with his fairer hand,
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,
 The former man may make him: bring us to him,
 And chance it as it may.

SOLDIER.

Here is his cave,

N

Peace

Peace and content be here. Lord Timon! Timon!
 Look out and speak to friends.—Th' Athenians
 By two of their most rev'rend senate greet thee.
 Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON out of his cave.

T I M O N.

Thou sun that comfort'st, burn! speak and be hang'd!
 For each true word a blister—and each false
 Be cauterizing to the root o'th' tongue,
 Consuming it with speaking!

F I R S T S E N A T O R.

Worthy Timon—

T I M O N.

Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

S E C O N D S E N A T O R.

The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

T I M O N.

I thank them, and wou'd fend them back the plague,
 Cou'd I but catch it for them.—

F I R S T S E N A T O R.

O, forget,
 What we are sorry for, ourselves, in thee.
 The senators, with one consent of love,
 Intreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
 On special dignities, which vacant lie
 For thy best use and wearing.—

S E C O N D S E N A T O R.

They confess
 Tow'rd thee forgetfulness, too gen'ral; gross,
 And now the public body, which doth seldom
 Play the recanter, feeling in itself

A lack

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sence withal,
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And sends forth us to make their sorrowful tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh, down by the dram.

T I M O N.

You witch me in it,
Surprize me to the very brink of tears.
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators!

F I R S T S E N A T O R.

Therefore so please you to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship; thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute pow'r, and thy good name,
Live with authority.—So shall we soon drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

S E C O N D S E N A T O R.

And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

F I R S T S E N A T O R.

Therefore, Timon——

T I M O N.

Well, Sir, I will—therefore I will, Sir.—Thus—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon—cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And takes our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,

N 2

I cannot

I cannot chuse but tell him that—I care not,
And let him take't at worst. For their knives I care
not,

While you have throats to answer.—For myself
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosp'rous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

S O L D I E R.

Stay not, all's in vain.

T I M O N.

Go—live still—
Be Alcibiades your plague; you his;
And last so long enough!

F I R S T S E N A T O R.

We speak in vain.

T I M O N.

But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

F I R S T S E N A T O R.

That's well spoke.

T I M O N.

Commend me to my loving countrymen.

F I R S T S E N A T O R.

These words become your lips, as they pass thro' 'em.

S E C O N D S E N A T O R.

And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

T I M O N.

T I M O N.

Commend me to them,
 And tell them that to ease them of their griefs,
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 Their pangs of love, with other incident throes,
 That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will do
 Some kindness to them, I'll teach them to prevent
 Wild Alcibiades's wrath.

S E C O N D S E N A T O R.

I like this well, he will return again.

T I M O N.

I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
 That mine own use invites me to cut down,
 And shortly I must fell it. Tell my friends,
 Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
 From high to low throughout, that who so please
 To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
 Come hither, e'er the tree hath felt the axe,
 And hang himself.—I pray you do my greeting.

S O L D I E R.

Vex him no further—thus you still shall find him.

T I M O N.

Come not to me again,* but say to Athens,
 Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
 Which once a day with his embossed froth
 The turbulent surge shall cover.—Thither come,
 And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
 Lips let four words go by; and language end;
 What is amiss, plague and infection mend!

[Exeunt omnes. Timon into his cave.]

Scene,

Scene, The Walls of Athens.

Enter ALCIBIADES, and his Power.

ALCIBIADES.

Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. Beat all our drums
And let the terror of their noise invade
The base ingrateful senate. *[Sounds a parley.]*
How now make they no answer to our summons?
Then such a flame I'll light about their ears,
Shall make Greece tremble.——

SOLDIER.

See, my lord,
Their deputies approach! to treat with you.

Enter SENATORS, &c.

FIRST SENATOR.

The senators of Athens—Alcibiades—

ALCIBIADES.

I will admit of no capitulation,
Open at once your gates and give me entrance,
Or I'll let loose the fury of my soldiers,
And make ye all a prey to spoil and rapine:
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your will
The scope of justice! 'Till now, myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travest arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. But the time now flush
Cries of itself, no more.

FIRST SENATOR.

Noble and young!

When

When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit
 E'er thou hadst pow'r, or we had cause to fear;
 We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratiitudes, with loves
 Above their quantity. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
 Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
 Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall,
 With those that have offended. Like a shepherd
 Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
 But kill not altogether.—

SECOND SENATOR.

What thou wilt
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
 Than hew to't with thy sword.

FIRST SENATOR.

Set but thy foot
 Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

SECOND SENATOR.

Throw thy glove,
 Or any token of thine honour else,
 That thou wilt use the war as thy redress,
 And not as our confusion—(dearest lord,
 We make not terms, but beg thee)—all thy powers
 Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

ALCIBIADES.

Then there's my glove;
 Those enemies of Timon and mine own,
 Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
 Fall, and no more: and to atone your fears,
 With my more able meaning, not a man

Shall

Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied by your public laws
At heaviest answer.

FIRST SENATOR.

'Tis nobly spoken. — Enter, sir, the city.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Scene, the Woods.

Enter TIMON and EVANDRA from
the Cave.

EVANDRA.

Oh my dear Lord, why do you stoop and bend
Like flow'rs o'ercharg'd with dew, whose yielding
stalks

Cannot support them. — Within I have a cordial
Will much revive thy spirits.

TIMON.

No, sweet Evandra,
I have taken the best cordial, death; which now
Kindly begins to work about my vitals;
I feel him here — he comforts me at heart.

EVANDRA.

Speak not of death, I cannot lose thee yet,
Throw off this dire consuming melancholy.
Oh could'st thou love as I do, thou'dst not have
Another wish but me. No prize on earth
Can raise my envy, while I've thee within
These arms. — Take comfort to thee, think not yet
Of death — leave not Evandra yet.

TIMON.

Think'st thou in death we shall not mend our state,
And know, and love, better than we can here!

O yes

O yes, Evandra, there our happiness,
 Will be without a wish. There shall we rest
 From all the follies, all the villanies
 Betraying smiles, oppressing frowns, smooth vows,
 The foul, perfidious, damned treachery
 Of base ingrateful man.—Thou, my Evandra,
 Art the only thing on earth cou'd make me wish
 To linger yet upon this stage of misery.
 'Tis the sole sting of death to part with thee.

E V A N D R A.

That I shou'd live to see this fatal day!
 Had death but seiz'd me first, I had been happy.—

T I M O N.

My poor Evandra! lead me to my grave,
 Lest death o'ertake me.—He pursues me hard:
 He's close upon me. 'Tis the last office thou
 Can'st do for Timon.

E V A N D R A.

Stubborn, stubborn heart!
 Wilt thou not break yet?

T I M O N.

Lay me gently down
 In my last tenement; death's the truest friend,
 That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.
 My weary pilgrimage draws toward an end,
 And nature cries farewell.—My best Evandra,
 I charge thee by our loves, our mutual loves,
 Live, and live happy after me; and if
 A thought of Timon comes into thy mind,
 And brings a tear from thee, let some diversion
 Banish it quickly.—Strive to forget me.—

E V A N D R A.

And canst thou, Timon, deem me such a coward!
 That I have ever lov'd thee faithfully,

O

Without

Without one erring thought, the gods can witness.
 And as my life was true; my death shall be.—
 If I one minute after thee survive,
 The scorn and infamy of all my sex
 Light on me! Blotted from the list of honour,
 Of truth, and virtue, may my hated name,
 Fill up the number of thy faithless friends!

T I M O N.

Wilt thou not then permit me to resign
 My life in peace?—Fear not—I will be with thee
 After my death—my soul shall follow thee,
 And hover round thee still, preventing harm.

E V A N D R A.

Life is the greatest harm when thou art dead.

T I M O N.

Canst thou forgive thy Timon, who involv'd
 Thee in his sad calamities?

E V A N D R A.

Forgive thee!
 It is a blessing ev'n to share distress
 With thee.—Ah, thou look'st pale! thy visage
 changes!
 Oh whither, whither art thou going?—Speak, my
 lord!

T I M O N.

To my last home. I charge thee live, Evandra;
 Thou lov'st me not, if thou wilt not obey me,
 Thou only kind and constant thing on earth.
 Lend me thy friendly arm—live, and be happy!
 Thou hast deserv'd to live, but for the rest,
 Graves only be men's works, and death their gain.
 Sun hide thy beams! Timon has done his reign.

4

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene

Scene, Inside of the City.

Enter ALCIBIADES, SENATORS, &c.

ALCIBIADES.

Do you acknowledge your ingratitude?

SENATORS.

We do.

ALCIBIADES.

And that you us'd me basely?

SENATORS.

We do.

ALCIBIADES.

Then mark the diff'rence of our spirit.—Thus
I cancel all revenge.—Ye have your liberty.
Nor will I now upbraid my fellow citizens
For the unjust decree they pass'd against me;
In the return of which I have subdued
Your enemies, and all revolted places;
Made you victorious, both at land and sea,
And with continual toil and ceaseless dangers,
Stretch'd out the bounds of your dominions far
Above your hopes or expectations.
I'll not recount the many enterprizes,
No Grecian can be ign'rant of. 'Tis enough,
You know how I have serv'd you.—It remains
I shou'd declare myself; therefore henceforth
I do pronounce the government devolves
Upon the people, and may heav'n prosper 'em!—
*People shout and cry Alcibiades! Alcibiades! long
live Alcibiades! liberty, liberty!*

Enter FLAMINIUS.

FLAMINIUS.

My noble lord, I went as you commanded,

And

And found poor Timon dead, and his Evandra
 With streaming blood reclin'd upon her lord,
 And growing to his corpse within the tomb
 H'had rais'd upon the very hem o'th' sea.
 And on the grave-stone this insculpture, which
 With wax I brought away; whose soft impression
 Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

A L C I B I A D E S.

[reads,

Here lies a wretched corse of wretched soul bereft,
 Seek not my name. — A plague consume you
 wicked caitiffs left.

Here lie I Timon, who all living men did hate,
 Pass by and curse thy fill, but stay not here thy gait.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits.
 Tho' thou abhorri'st in us our human griefs,
 Scornd'st our brine's flow, and those our droplets
 which

From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave. — Do you not grieve at this?
 Ye men of stone — but — faults forgiven. — Dead
 Is noble Timon — of whose memory
 Hereafter more — and poor Evandra too,
 Great miracle of love and constancy.
 But let us give a truce to woes like these,
 For I will use the olive with my sword,
 Make war breed peace — make peace flint war. — Alas
 Unhappy Timon! — bounteous to excess!
 Who cou'd have thought thy virtues strain'd to th'
 height,
 Shou'd be the cause of thy disastrous fate,
 And stamp a living satire on mankind.

F I N I S.

